

# THE TIMES - DISPATCH

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WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1912.

## V. M. I.'S JUST AND REASONABLE CLAIM.

The Congress of the United States, as an act of simple justice, should make restitution to the Virginia Military Institute for its property burned by order of General Hunter, of the Federal army, in the War Between the States. The claim is just and reasonable. The property destroyed consisted of buildings—barracks, two sets of officers' quarters, gas house, laundry, hospital, mess hall; material and supplies—furniture, quartermaster's stores, commissary stores, medical stores, fixtures and supplies; library of 15,000 volumes, engineering and philosophical instruments and apparatus, mineralogical laboratory, with supplies and equipment; chemistry laboratory, with supplies and equipment; cabinet geological specimens, gas and heating fixtures. The appropriation asked for by way of reimbursement is \$244,728.62. This does not include the cost of rebuilding the barracks, estimated at \$75,000. This item is deducted because the destruction of the barracks may be regarded as legitimate under the rules of war obtaining among civilized nations. There can be no question, however, that the burning of material and equipment employed solely for educational purposes was a wanton violation of those rules. The equipment of institutions of learning is not a legitimate subject for destruction in warfare. The Federal government should therefore, as a matter of right and good conscience, make due restitution to the Virginia Military Institute.

Time was when the allowance of this claim would have been rendered impossible by sectional feeling, but that day has gone. It is a former Federal officer who now takes the lead in proposing that the nation shall compensate the institution for its heavy loss, for the bill for restitution will be introduced in the Senate by that gallant Union artillery officer, Senator Henry A. du Pont, of Delaware, who forty-eight years ago besought General Hunter not to raze the West Point of the South. In that fruitless entreaty he was seconded by a major of Ohio infantry, who afterward became the Chief Magistrate of the United States, William McKinley. Surely there is no happier evidence of a reunited nation than the circumstances now presented. The resolve to do justice to the institution which more than any other gave military genius to the Confederate armies comes from the hand of a brave and generous veteran of the Union army. The just restraint which he sought to use nearly half a century ago was ineffective, but now the hour seems auspicious for his endeavor to secure justice at last.

In its appeal for the satisfaction of this claim the Virginia Military Institute seeks nothing to which it is not entitled. It is a petitioner for justice and not for charity. It enters its claim for compensation, hopeful of its approval, because the reimbursement would enable the institution to enlarge its usefulness to the nation. What the nation gives in restitution to the Virginia Military Institute, that institution will give back to the nation in generations of superbly trained men, who stand always ready to render uncommon service when the war drums throb and the flags are unfurled.

## SAFETY FIRST.

A reward of \$10,000, to be paid on the order of the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Railroad Commissioners of Massachusetts and the Public Utilities Commissioners of Connecticut, to whoever shall first invent an automatic device that will safely arrest an express steam locomotive that has passed danger signals, the test of efficiency to be its adoption within the year 1912, 1914 or 1915 by the New Haven Road, the New York Central or the Pennsylvania, and its approval or recommendation by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

This offer was published last week by the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company in its endeavor to solve two great problems of transportation. What can be done to reduce the chances of human error and what can be done to neutralize the effect when it occurs? For the two recent accidents on its lines the company does not blame the engineers, who violated the rules of the road and passed all signals and warnings and went to their death carrying several passengers with them. Let us cooperate to eliminate human error by mechanical devices. Write the New York, New Haven and Hartford. The need is an automatic train device that shall set the all tracks to queue the steam throttle, or block, when a train fails to stop on signals.

The negligence of the railroads is responsible for some of the accidents that happen, but human interference spoils the cause. In many railroad catastrophes, of the eighty-one fatal train accidents lately investigated by the Interstate Commerce Commission, forty-nine were due to collisions and thirty-one to derailments. Almost all

of the derailments were due to defective road bed and rails, for which there was little excuse, if any. Almost all of the collisions were attributable to the mistakes of employees, and these cases present a vexing problem in protecting human life on the railroads.

What can be done to lessen the chances of human error? The block system can be extended, for, with all its exposure to human error, it is better than the train-order system. The rules of train operation can be reformed and made uniform for all roads.

What can neutralize the effect of human error when it occurs? The speed of fast trains could be moderated. Automatic stop devices could be more generally employed. Much is already being accomplished through the extended introduction of steel cars. That method of protecting human life upon the rails has already justified its adoption, for in accident upon accident lives that would have been destroyed in the old style cars have been saved in the steel coaches.

## A SENSIBLE AMERICAN WOMAN.

That oft-quoted line of Tennyson, "Kind hearts are more than coronets," must apply with the happiest significance to the lately announced engagement of Miss Helen Miller Gould to Finley J. Shepard. The flock of fortune-hunters could not tempt old Jay Gould's sensible daughter, no matter how ancient the golden circle they might offer her in return for her millions. The foibles of her sister, Anna, will not be repeated in her case. Upon good, red, American rather than Norman blood Helen Gould places the valuation of her affection. To her the home life of the wife of an American citizen is sweeter than the gloomy loneliness of some immemorial pile. With something of the keen business sense of that keen man of business who was her father, she chose a successful "domestic" business man in preference to some foreign pauper with a passion for spending hard-earned United States money in dissipation in all the capitals of Europe. Instead of consulting the title pages of "Burke's Peerage" or the "Almanach de Gotha," Miss Gould audaciously selected a man who is not even in "Who's Who in America." Her fiancé owns no mortgaged feudal castle nor old estate, but is probably the satisfied possessor of good Missouri real estate.

Miss Gould has set a wise and admirable precedent for other unmarried American women of great wealth. If there were more like her, there would be less of the gentry of the Boni de Castellane type. It is just plain common sense to intrust the management of \$30,000,000 to a successful American business man instead of a spendthrift princeling. Miss Gould prefers to keep her fortune within the borders of her own country; not a cent of it will be spent on the rehabilitation of an aged ruin or upon the reconstruction of battlefields that had better go to dust. She will not sell her birthright of home and happiness for a jeweled bauble. Yet who would expect that a woman of her common sense would do otherwise? A woman of large charities, a real patriot, a friend to the poor and the unfortunate, she has discerned the true values of life and discarded the false. She is one of the millions of sensible American women, and not one of the four hundred of foolish virgins whom a plush and gold plaything lures into endless sorrow and solitude.

## BETRIENDING OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS.

A record of fine humaneness is revealed in the annual report of Emmett C. Taylor, agent of the Richmond Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, made at the yearly meeting of that organization yesterday. Three hundred and fifty horses and mules with sore shoulders and sore backs or lame were unhitched and sent to the stable because of the vigilance of the society; 241 horses and mules sent for work, poor and half-starved, were sent to stables to be cared for; 292 overburdened horses and mules were relieved; 282 horses and mules were sent to blacksmiths to be shod; 269 horses and mules in suffering were humanely destroyed; 489 check reins were taken off mules and horses; 511 additional horses were given to drivers and owners. Such are some of the larger activities of these friends of man's best friends. Besides, cases of horses and mules cruelly whipped and driven were reported; veterinarians were called; horses and mules were taken care of and fed; cruelty to cattle was stopped; the inhuman treatment of dogs was ended. Seventy-nine cases of cruelty to animals were brought to the courts, resulting in 62 convictions—a fact that at once puts to flight any belief that the society is meddling or is interfering with the rights of owners. Cruel drivers have been discussed through the reports of this organization. The annual appropriation of the city Council to this cause is justified by the results obtained by the society. It has protected and conserved animal life, and substituted kindness and gentleness for cruelty. The dumb creatures of the earth were given to us for use and not for abuse, and this organization aids nobly in enforcing that distinction in the community.

## ENGLISH AND LATIN—AGAIN.

Recurring to the humiliating show, ing in spelling made by a class of seventy-four high school graduates of the session of 1912, reported by Professor W. T. Myers of the University of Virginia, and discussed in The Times-Dispatch of Monday, this: Somewhat lack, when the war between the classicists and the anti-classicists was being waged with particular fierceness, a friend "dropped" the late Professor James A. Harrison a postcard, which read: Dear H.: What do you think of the row? Professor Harrison replied through the same medium, as follows: Dear —: To know the classics, especially Latin, is to know English, and vice versa. Not to know the one is not to know the other in either case. H. The special significance and value of Professor Harrison's opinion lie in the fact that he was far and away one of the foremost of English scholars and teachers in this country. If not, indeed, in the world. His views on the question at issue, as he subsequently elaborated them to his correspondent, did not merely cover the case of Latin in its "essential" relations to command of English orthography. They testified to its "fundamental" bearing upon clear understanding and grasp of the force and shades of meaning of the innumerable English words derived from the Latin, and upon the art of lucid, direct expression and correct grammatical construction in writing English. This says nothing of the appreciation of the humanities Professor Harrison voiced, considering them from the standpoint of history, literature and the general information they impart, and their contribution to mental pleasure and to mental discipline, apart from their office of preparation for mastering English.

## On the Spur of the Moment.

By Roy K. Moulton.

According to Uncle Abner, What's the use of saying "giggers" don't lie when every man knows that his wife's does? There is one good thing about being a Prohibitionist. A Prohibitionist is never disappointed in the outcome of a presidential election. The railroad that runs through Hickoryville buys a ham every year, and that is enough to supply the ham sandwiched along the line. Any husband who lets his wife make a monkey of him is not entitled to any sympathy, and he never gets any. A feller has got to have a lot of sand to go into the cement sidewalk business. A man may wear a galloon hat to church on Sunday, but still take a feller's home away from her on Monday. Kickin' on the street car service is the oldest form of amusement in this country. When a man starts to goin' down hill there are plenty of friends ready to help him along. A feller who has got the gift of gab generally lands somewhere, even if it is only in jail.

The trouble in this country at the present time seems to be that the dinner pails are too large. Some of the poetry a young feller writes to his gal certainly sounds fine and dandy when she pulls it out on him ten years after they are married.

## Our New Garage.

During the long and tedious summer months we labored on an invention which is expected to make us rich beyond the dreams of avarice. The invention is now complete and is ready to be placed upon the market as soon as we can float the bonds. Inflating the capital stock, water the valuation, all the machinery, and turn on the steam. Nothing like it has been invented since the odorous onion. Our invention comes to fill a long-felt want. It is nothing more nor less than a collapsible garage, which can be set up or taken down in eight minutes, central standard time, and is meant for the use of automobile owners who cannot pay their rent, and are obliged to move frequently to different localities where there are strange meat markets and grocery stores where new lines of credit may be established.

Our garage is made of tin, and can be carried in the ordinary suitcase when folded up. When opened up it keeps unfolding and unfolding until you have a regular garage with two windows, double doors and a gasoline can sitting out behind. It is much easier than a tent to put up and take down, and will accommodate any sized automobile, from the \$250 peanut roaster variety up to the seven-passenger plutocrat.

When going on a long tour the owner can take the garage along with him in a suitcase and pitch it anywhere he decides to spend the night. The price of this garage is going to be in the neighborhood of \$5 cash or \$117 if paid for in monthly installments. They will come in all colors—pink garages to match pink houses, blue garages to match blue houses, etc. We are ready to sell territory to anybody who calls. We have already disposed of Alaska, Iceland and Montenegro.

We forgot to mention that the garage has a padlock on the front door, open plumbing, hot water heat, gas grate, hard and soft water and a looking glass in the bath room. If you have no automobile, the garage can easily be used as a bungalow.

The Topics, published by the Baltimore Lodge of Elks, contains the following in reference to the recent annual memorial observance of that organization:

"It was the consensus of opinion of all voicing their sentiments that the service was the most impressively beautiful ever given by Baltimore Lodge in honor and to the memory of its departed brothers. The orator of the occasion, Dr. E. N. Callach, captivated the audience, not only by his exceedingly clear exposition of the principles of our order, but also by his charming personality. His voice was resonant, his gestures graceful, his presence pleasing. He won his audience at the opening of his address and held them spellbound till the last word rolled from his lips."

A felicitous analysis of an eloquence of which Richmond never tires.

The money trust problems have made the startling discovery that stock gambling is stock gambling.

Second call for early Christmas shopping.

Another campaign will be started soon in the Thirty Years' War for a Richmond Public Library.

Mrs. Edvina, the new lyric soprano, puts it neatly, "If one is wedded to art, it would be like bigamy to marry."

That explains why so many great artists do not wed.

A woman lecturer has announced that "the man does not count in the home." How about this week and next?

Mrs. William Ellis Corey, she that was Mabelle Gilman, declares that she is sorry, but she can't live in America, because it's too noisy. And this from an ex-chorus girl!

Harvard students spend \$1,576,226 for "incidentals." "Incidentals" cover a multitude of joys.

Everybody's pleasant to papa this week.

Among the holiday decorations, be sure to include the fragrant green stalk of the delicious onion.

Frank Harris says that Bernard Shaw is "the greatest living Englishman," and Shaw admits it.

Now is the time when all good housewives are looking up their great-grandmother's fruit cake recipe.

Just who is the Bull Moose's favorite author we do not know, but we suspect his favorite poem is the ode of William Watson beginning "Thou Art America, Immortal Theodore."

The best liquor is not liquor made from blue stem collards.

If there were only some way to compel Roosevelt to attend Professor Taft's lectures at Yale!

Kentucky may not be represented in the Wilson Cabinet, but it may be on the Wilson side-bar.

## IT'S LUCKY CHRISTMAS COMES LATE IN THE MONTH

By John T. McCutcheon.

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GREAT SCOTT! I MUST ECONOMIZE. THESE BILLS ARE SWAMPING ME!

If Christmas came early in the month, when the air is full of bills from the last month, there would be a conspicuous display of economy in Christmas buying. This explains why many do not do their shopping early.

"I WANT A FEW LITTLE PRESENTS—NOT ELABORATE, YOU KNOW, JUST CHEAP BUT TASTEFUL."

So we start out and prepare to lay in a modest but select lot of presents for relatives and friends.

CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR—SO WHY NOT BLOW MYSELF AS LONG AS MY CREDIT IS GOOD?

And by the twentieth of the month we have so completely forgotten the first of the month and its grim influx of bills that we sail in and buy with all the careless abandon of a drunken sailor. Hence the expression, "Merry Christmas."

the just penalty for his crime. Yes, indeed, mercy is a broad principle. Mercy to the whole State of Virginia would be shown by executing Claude Allen, as the courts have ordered.

CIVIL.

Don't Agree. To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Sir.—The criticism by "W. D. G." in last Sunday's Times-Dispatch regarding Al Wilson's latest play, "It Happened in Potsdam," was quite a surprise to your subscriber, as it no doubt was to the appreciative audience that greeted him at the Academy on Saturday last.

Having heard him every time he has been to Richmond during the past six years, and an admirer of his sweet, soulful (?) songs, it seems very unfair and quite contrary to the views of all lovers of his heart music.

As a lover of music, with some knowledge of it myself, and having heard some of the finest singers and actors and actresses that have ever appeared on the American stage, without undue egotism consider myself a competent judge.

Not only was Wilson's singing as sweet as it has ever been in the past, but his acting and that of his support was of rare excellence, and particularly that of Miss Lemmers, the leading lady, has not, in my opinion, been excelled by any that has been witnessed here for years.

A WILSON ADMIRER.

Save an Old Landmark. To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Sir.—Probably as old as the city, certainly older than the oldest house in the city, living, but slowly dying, and a menace to travel on our streets. What is the answer? It is the old eyestone on Franklin Street between Sixth and Seventh Streets.

If it is not cared for by cutting out the top and allowing new growth from the trimmed limbs, it will die probably within three years.

The decayed condition of some of the large limbs is a menace to those who pass beneath the tree.

OBSERVER.

Let the Old Bell Go. What would Thomas J. and John Adams say. Could they be consulted about Letting the Bell go to the Panama show. To help bring a crowd of folks out.

The best we can do is guess what these two would answer if they could but speak. When children out West make such a request. To have the old Bell for a week. They'd never say "no." I fancy they'd go.

And stay until it was brought back. They'd ring a new note out of its old throat. With never a thought of the crack.

The Bell in its berth has little of worth. Up there in fame's hall and unhung. It's the sentiment folks catch from the rent. In the Bell and speech of its tongue.

Why not let it go out there to Frisco? Let 'em honor Old Liberty Bell. Where'er folks delight to gaze on the sight.

Any place this side—er—of heav'n. E. H. KENNEY. Philadelphia, Pa., December 14, 1912.

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